

The History of

Ser. It is my Lord.
 Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him
 straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.
 Lady. But heare you, my Lord.
 Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?
 La. What is it carries you away?
 Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.
 La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale
 of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth I le know your busines,
 Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir a-
 bout his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if
 Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe,
 La. Come, come, you Parraquito. answer me directly unto
 this question that I shall aske: in fayth I le breake thy little fin-
 ger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
 Hot. Away, away, you trifier, love; I love thee not;
 I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world
 To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips,
 We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,
 And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.
 What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou have with me?
 La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?
 Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,
 I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?
 Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?
 Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
 And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,
 I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
 I must not have you henceforth question me
 Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:
 Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,
 This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,
 I know you wise, but yet no farthe wife,
 Then Harry *Percies* wife. Constant you are,
 But yet a woman, and for secrecy,
 Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Henry the Fourth.

La. How, so far?
 Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
 Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:
 To day will I set forward; to morrow you:
 Will this content you *Kate*?
 La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*
Enter Prince, and Poyes.
 Pri. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me
 thy hand to laugh a little.
 Poy. Where hast beene, *Hall*?
 Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or
 foure-score Hogs-heads. I have sounded the very base string of
 Humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and
 can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and
Francis; they take it alread upon their salvation, that though
 I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Courtesie*, and tell
 me flatly, I am not proud like *Falstaffe*, but a *Corinthian*,
 a Lad of metall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they call me) and
 when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good
 Lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; &
 when you breathe in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you
 play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quar-
 ter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his own
 Language during my life. I will tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost
 much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but
 sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this
 penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an un-
 dersinker, one that never spake other *English* in his life, then
 8 shillings, and 6 pence, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill
 addition, *Anon anon sir, Skere a pint of Bastard in the half moon*,
 or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time til *Falstaffe* come, I prethee
 doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny
 Drawer, to what end he have me the Sugar, and do never
 leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing, but
Anon: step aside, and I le shew thee a present.
Poyes. Francis.
 Prince. Thou art perfect.
 Fran. Anon, anon sir; looke down into the pomegranat, *Ralfe*
 D 2 Prince.